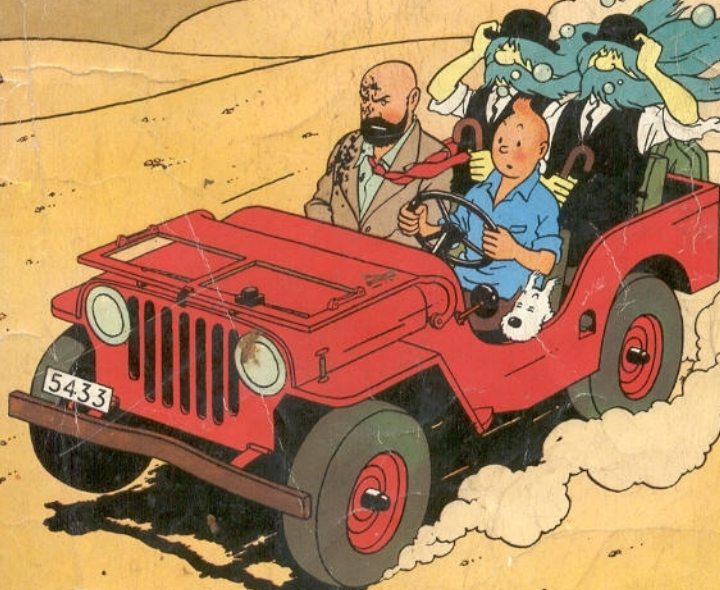


• HERGÉ •

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
LAND
OF
BLACK GOLD

الذهب الأسود



darkseid collection

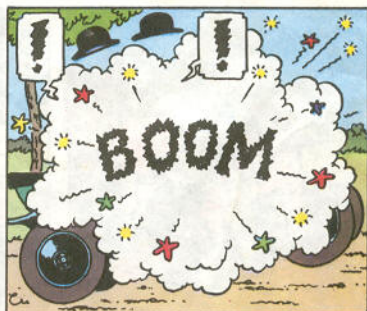
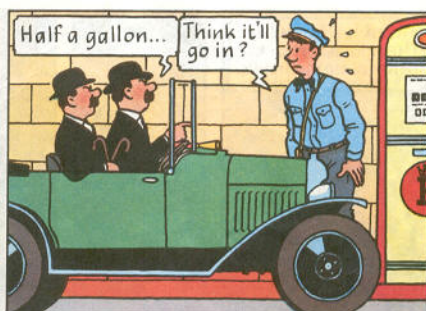


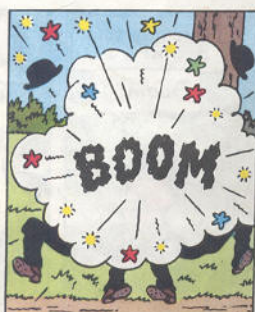
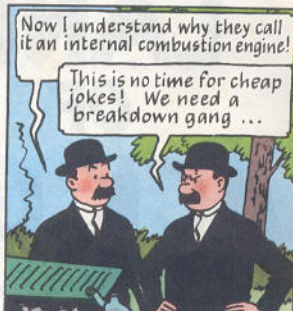
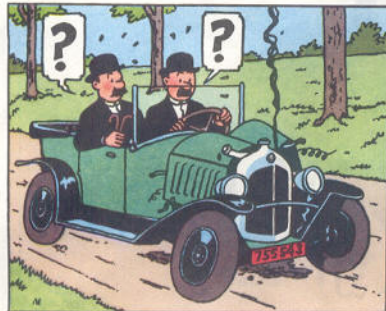
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MAGNET

LAND OF BLACK GOLD

الذهب الأسود





Next morning ...

"Crisis deepens-official"
"On the brink of war?"
"Are we prepared?" ...
"Call-up for army re-
serve!" ... "Forces on
standby". Things
look bright, I must say.



Yes...Tintin
here... Oh, hello
Captain... How
are you? ... Any
news?



"I've just had Admiralty orders:
Captain Haddock. Immediate.
Proceed to assume command
of merchant vessel blank
blank" (the name's secret,
of course) "at blank, where
you will receive further
orders." So that's that... I've
been mobilised! ...
there won't be time
to see you. I'm off
right away... I'll keep
in touch ...
'Bye, Tintin.



Goodbye, Captain,
and good luck.
Let's hope it's
only a false
alarm ...



Hello!

Good morning.
What news?



What news! Plenty! Something
very odd has just happened!

To be precise ... we just
happen to be very odd!

Really? Tell me
about it. Come
on in ...



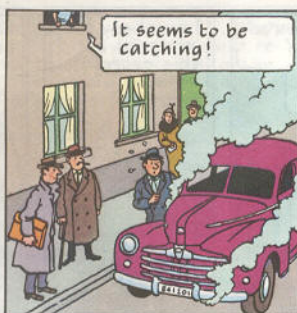
Well, we'd just filled up with
petrol and were driving
peacefully along, when all of
a sudden, without a word of
warning ... our car went ...



BOOM



It seems to be
catching!



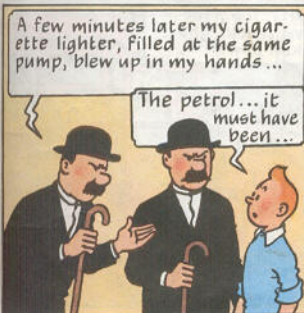
It certainly is... That's exactly
what happened to us!

Yes. And that's
not all ...

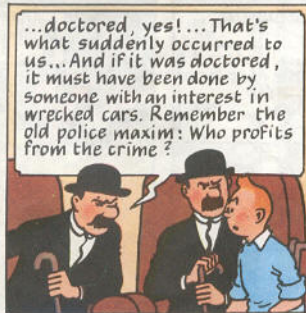


A few minutes later my cigar-
ette lighter, filled at the same
pump, blew up in my hands ...

The petrol ... it
must have
been ...



...doctored, yes! ... That's
what suddenly occurred to
us... And if it was doctored,
it must have been done by
someone with an interest in
wrecked cars. Remember the
old police maxim: Who profits
from the crime?



Now, who stands to gain
from this business? ... Who,
eh? ... I'll tell you! ... the
breakdown people,
Autocart!



No doubt about it: Autocart doctors the petrol. When the engine blows up, you send for a breakdown truck. And who do you call? The people who do the most advertising: Autocart!

I suppose it's possible, but...



No buts! It's a certainty!... We're taking up the case, and by this time next week we'll have enough evidence to arrest the entire board of directors.

Good luck to you!...

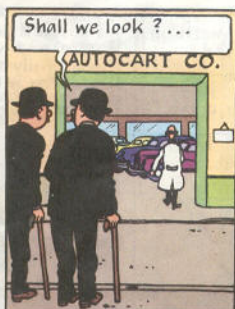


For a start, we'll take a snoop around the Autocart garage...



Shall we look?...

AUTOCART CO.



WANTED

Good drivers with mechanical experience to man breakdown trucks
APPLY Autocart



Well, what do you think?... It's a perfect cover... gives us a chance to see what goes on inside the place...

Good idea...



Next day...

Now, you know what you're supposed to be doing?

Certainly we do, sir!



I must say, I'm intrigued by this petrol business...



I'd like to get to the bottom of it...

You aren't starting another of your adventures are you? Why don't we retire!



The managing director, please

ENQUIRY



Meanwhile...

Hello! Autocart to the rescue... Yes... Yes... B 0494 ... For Mr...?



...Thomson... It's... the breakdown truck... it's... er... broken down!



Would you like to comment, sir, on the situation created by the deterioration in petrol quality ...

Catastrophic!
The situation is catastrophic ...

Look! In two months, consumption has dropped by 65% ... And it's falling every day ... This very morning ...

SALES CHART

... the airline companies decided to suspend all services because of the dangers of fuel explosions in the air ... Oil shares have slumped to half their value ... the bottoms dropping out of the market ... It's a disaster! ... A catastrophe!

Even worse! What about the international situation? ... Supposing war comes ... breaks out tomorrow? ... Imagine what'll happen ... Ships ... planes ... tanks ... The armed forces completely immobilised! ... The mind boggles! ... Disaster!

What do you think has caused this sudden change in the petrol?

That's the question we'd all like to answer! Nothing has changed at the oilfields, or in the refineries, so it has to be sabotage ...

We took samples at the wells, from storage depots, aboard the tankers, in the refineries, and we had them analysed ... Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Then we decided to treat the petrol itself, to prevent it exploding. Our top scientists are working night and day on the problem ... to find some way of ...

BOOM

Another car blowing up! ... Where was I? Oh yes ... My senior research officer says they are on the verge of success in our labs ... I'm expecting a call from him any moment now to say they've found the solution ...

That'll be him ... Do you mind? ...

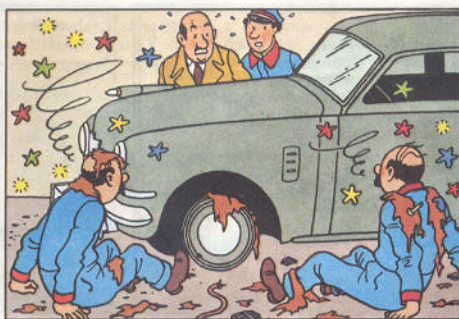
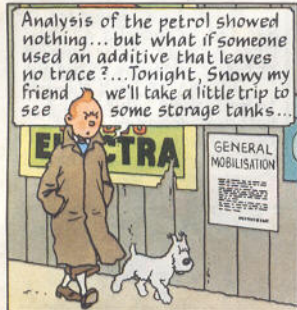
No, of course ...

RING RING

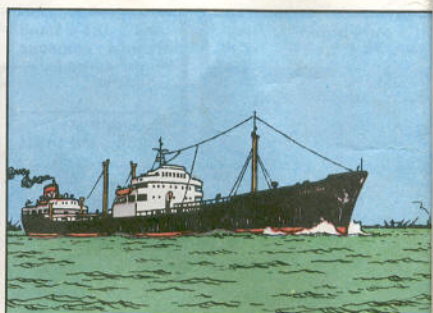
Yes? ... Well, you've got it? ... An answer? ... What? ... Nothing at all? ... Nothing? ... I see ... Well, it's a pity ... You'll just have to keep at it ...

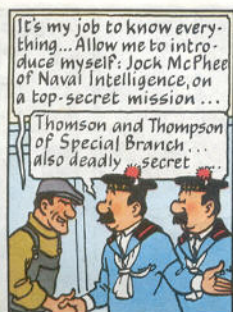
What? ... Should you go on with the research? Of course ... surely that's obvious ... Why bother to ask? ...

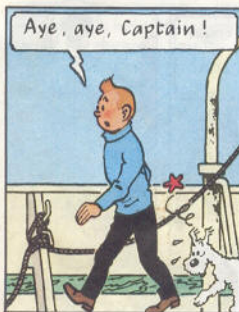
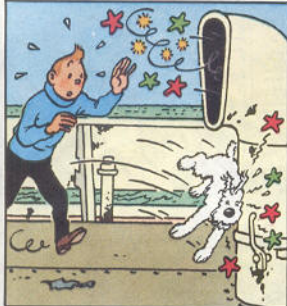
Because if we're to go on, sir, you'll have to consider building a new laboratory!



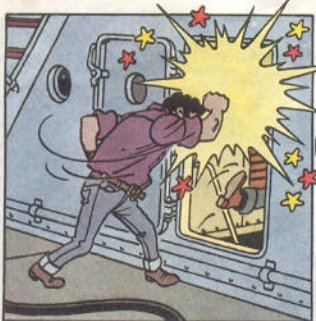
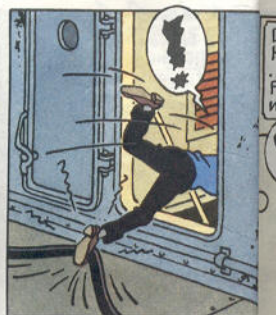
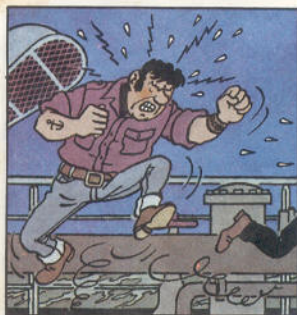
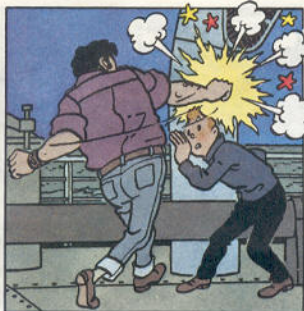














Next morning...

Ah, the storm's blown it self out...



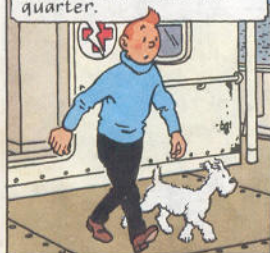
How do you think he is?

No change... He's wandering...

Good morning... noon and night... light, fight, night... left, right, left, right pick 'em up, now!... How now brown cow?



No hope of learning anything useful from that quarter.



Several days later...

There's Khemikhal

Yes, and there's a launch putting out, with police aboard, I bet.



They've tightened up security... Only natural with the international crisis, and the tension in Khemed...



Military police: we have orders to search the ship.

Oh?... Very well...



Military police: this is a cabin search!

Go ahead.



Military police: open your bags!



Aha! As we were told: behind the coat-hooks!



These papers were hidden in the radio officer's cabin, sergeant.

Let me see!

Aha! All very interesting... A shipment of arms to Sheik Bab El Ehr!

I assure you, sergeant, I...

Keep your hands off! ... We're police officers! We'll see you pay for this!

To be precise: you'll see we pay for this!

Heroin in their baggage, sir... And they're pretending to be police officers!

Indeed?

We were tricked, sergeant... An agent from Naval Intelligence gave us the package. He said it contained secret documents.

And where is this 'agent', eh?

He's here on board, sergeant... But he suddenly seems to have lost his wits...

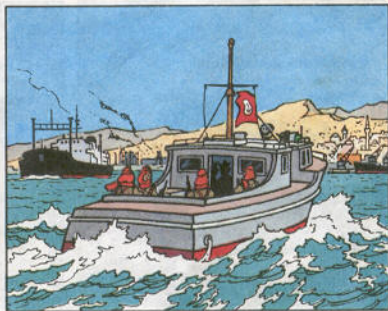
Meaning that we can't question him, I suppose!... A neat little story... But it just happens that I am very far from losing MY wits!

What a fool I've been! ... Another false trail!

All right, get these three bright boys into the launch. They'll be interrogated ashore.

But...

I...



Who've you got there?

The two are just a couple of drug-smugglers, I think... But the young one has important documents to do with Bab El Ehr.

Excellent work! Our noble sheik will reward you when he comes to power! ... Go now!

Bab El Ehr must be informed!





That evening...

I have come from Khemikhal, noble master. There I received news: the emir's soldiers have arrested a young foreigner.

Well?



One of the guards works for us. He said he'd found papers on the prisoner... papers referring to an important shipment of arms for you.

The young man shall escape and be brought here to me!

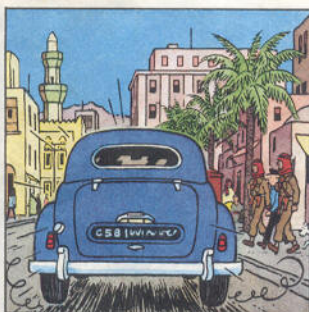


Next morning...

Come with me. You're going to the special security gaol. The secret police want you for questioning.



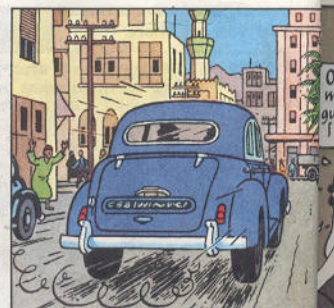
There they are, Mohammed! Put your foot down!



Over here!



Hurry!



Meanwhile ...

We've checked your papers. They're in order. You can go.

Thank you. What about Tintin?

Your friend?... He was seized on his way here by Bab El Ehr's men.

Now we've got to find them... And that's a thankless job. They made the snatch, and vanished without trace. Still, there's a £5000 reward for anyone who leads us to the sheik's hideout.

Five thousand pounds! You needn't say that again!... By this time next week we'll bring you Bab El Ehr trussed like a turkey!

Very good! May Allah go with you!

Next morning...

Five thousand pounds reward!

Here is the young foreigner brought by your partisans, noble sheik.

Enter!

Greetings, and welcome, young stranger... Heaven will bless you for embracing our great cause... Now, when do the guns arrive?

What guns?

What guns? Our guns, our shipment of arms... You've brought news of their delivery: isn't that so?

Me?... Not me, most noble sheik! ...

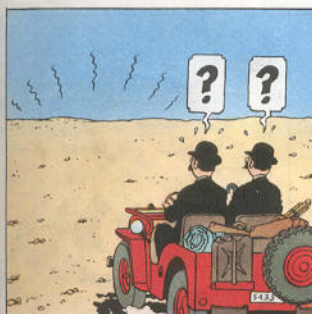
You lied to me, son of a mangy dog!

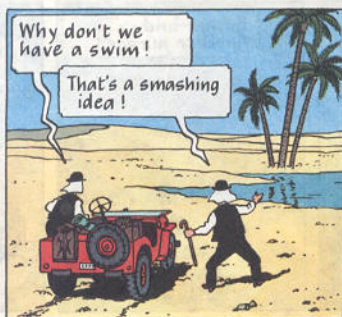
Oh, no! most powerful master... It was the guard who told me... I swear by Allah!

That's quite true, noble sheik. Some papers were found in my cabin... but they didn't belong to me... And I've no idea who put them there...

It's a trick... A miserable trick to discover my hideout... I suppose you think I'll let you go?... To run home and betray us to the police, those snivelling lap-dogs of Ben Kalish Ezab? ...Never! You stay here with us. You are my prisoner!







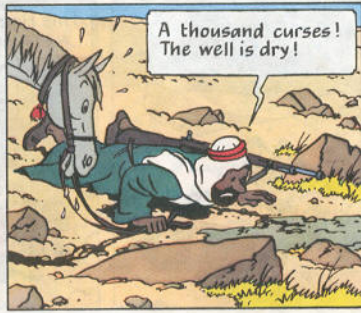
Meanwhile...



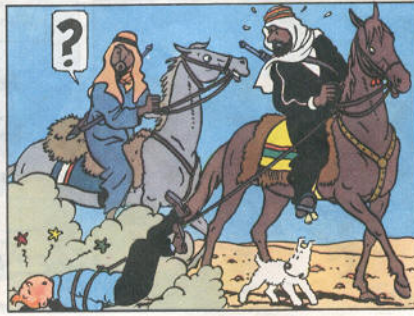
Allah be praised! ...See! The well of Bir Kegg!



Water! ... At last! ... I'm dying of thirst ...



No water! ... We must ride on!



The prisoner has fallen: he is finished!

Untie his hands: we will abandon him!



Wooah! ... Wooah! ... Murderers! Rotten sand-hoppers!



You and your sense of direction! A fat lot of good it's going us!

I tell you we're all right. This is a main road ...

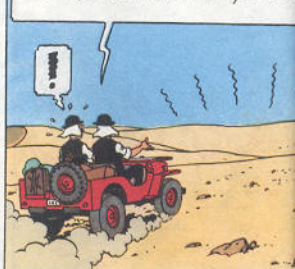


I can prove it ... Look!

Poooh! Another mirage!



There you are! ... I told you so!



This time there's no mistake : we're saved!

My poor friend ... It's only a mirage ... Any fool can tell at a glance ...



No! No! I promise you it isn't!

It isn't, eh? ... Very well, I'll prove it ...



Whoops!



Oh ... my goodness ... I ... er ... I beg your pardon ... I mistook you for a mirage!



وقف عندك، چيان
ملعون، كسر راسك



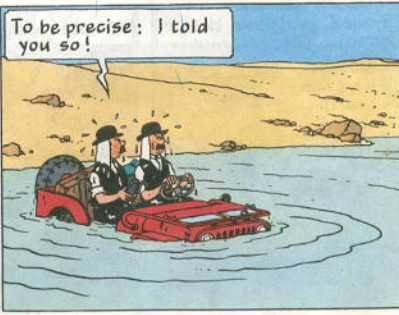
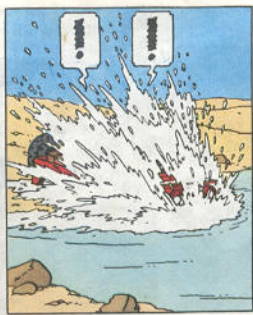
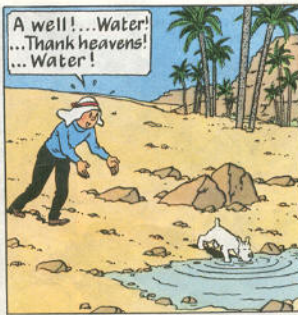
You were absolutely right : it wasn't a mirage ...

No?...



Meanwhile ...











Meanwhile...

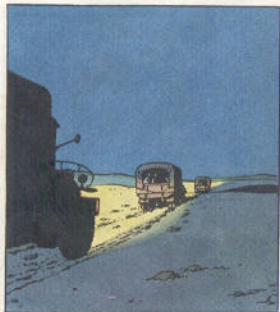
Hello... hello...
pumping station
twelve reporting
total loss of pressure
...pipe must be
broken above this
station...Please
send a repair-gang
immediately...



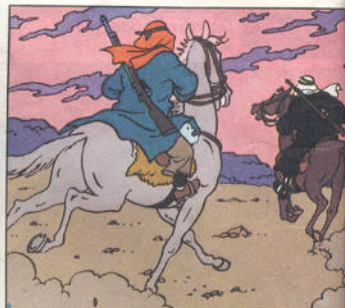
I must be mad...This is crazy
... But it's too late now. I've
taken a chance and can't
turn back...



Hello...Hello...Rum
ing station eleven
... Number one con
trol here... Close
all valves immedi
ately... The pipe's fr
tured between yo
and number tw
... A repair-gang
on the way



This is where we separate...It
will confuse any pursuers...
Ahmed will come with me...



Where in the world have I
heard that voice?



Whoa!



Hold my horse... Wait here
... I'll be back in a moment



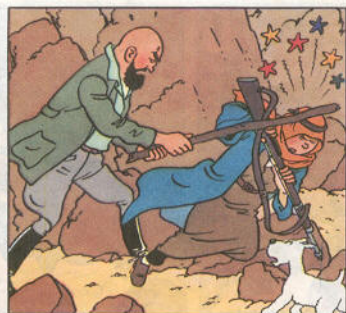
Crumbs! I know who that is! ... It's Doctor Müller! (1)



What's he doing?



Where can he have gone?



Poor silly Ahmed! Sometimes a mirror comes in handy to see what goes on behind you!... And I don't like spies!



But... it isn't Ahmed ... Krutzitürken! It's Tintin!



Tintin?... What's he doing here? Something must have aroused his suspicions, but what? ... Perhaps I'd better wait till he comes round, then question him... No, that'd be useless... a waste of time...



You've meddled in my affairs once too often, Tintin!... I'm fixing you for good!



Ach! What's that? It sounds like... It can't be ... Yes! It's a car...



No, a jeep!... Der Teufel! They're after me already!





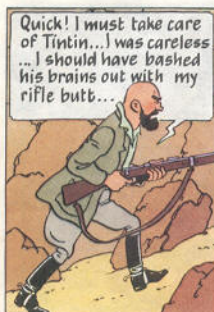
The horses! If they spot the horses I'm done for!



What about Tintin? ... Kill him now?... No, they'd hear the shot... Ach, he's out cold; there's plenty of time to deal with him... later...



So, they've gone! That was a close thing...



Quick! I must take care of Tintin... I was careless... I should have bashed his brains out with my rifle butt...



Teufel!



BANG



Just in time!



BANG



BANG BANG
BANG



What's all that racket?



BANG



Now what?... Any more?... No, it's all quiet: he's stopped shooting... Perhaps it's a trick...



Hey, what's that? Galloping horses! He can't have...



Yes! He's made off with both horses, the thug!



Here I am, back to square one... with a bump on my head as well!



On our way, Snowy... we haven't any choice...



We must follow his tracks!

Let me near that brute again and he'll better watch his trousers!

What's it all about?... What's that gangster Müller doing here?... And why should he want to wreck the pipeline?... When he had me at his mercy, why didn't he kill me?... I just don't have any of the answers.



Hello... I can't be mistaken... Let's take a closer look...



They're wheelmarks, Snowy... This really is a bit of luck!



And we'll worry about our friend Müller later.



Meanwhile ...

I don't like it, Thomson ... If we don't get somewhere soon ...

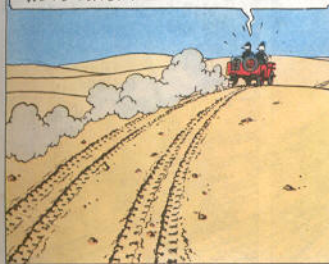


It's all right!... Look!... There! ... Tracks of a car!

Quite correct! And they aren't a mirage, either!



All we do is follow the tracks and we're saved!



An hour later ...

Hooray!... More tracks!... A second car joined the first one...



A real stroke of luck hitting this road.

To be precise: we've really had a stroke!



Another hour later...

There!... A third car joined the other two! ... We're on a very busy road...



Several hours go by...

Another one!... That makes the seventh.



We're obviously getting near a big town and ... Hey! Stop!... What's that there, ahead of us?





A can of petrol!



A full one too! ... That's lucky... for us, at least... Not for the poor chap who lost it.



I'd better check that ours is properly fixed: you can't be too careful.



Goodness gracious!



Us too! We've lost our petrol can! ... Look, the straps broken!

Goodness gracious!



It must be somewhere behind us. Hurry up and turn round. We must go back and look for it.

I agree. Petrol is much too precious to lose.



Off we go... It can't be far.



An hour later...

Almost a motorway, Snowy!



A busy one, too. Look at the number of tracks. The marks are still fresh, too... Hello, that's odd... These tracks are all exactly the same... Could be a convoy of jeeps... Unless...

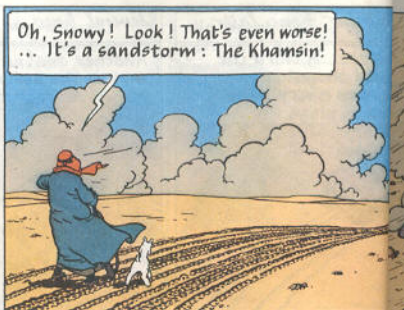
Unless what?



Yes, it's only too obvious... There's just one vehicle going round and round in circles, following his own tracks... The driver has lost his way, just like us...



?



Oh, Snowy! Look! That's even worse! ... It's a sandstorm: The Khamsin!

Ooh! Here it comes! We're right in the middle of it!... Worst of all, the wind and sand will wipe out all the tracks...



This awful sand...gets in your eyes...and your mouth...We can't go on!...Only one thing to do...



Wait till the storm blows over...



Ssh!... I heard something...There it is again... A car engine!



We can't go on like this. We must raise the windscreen and put up the hood...



OOEE!



Careful! You mustn't let go...

Don't worry, I'm holding it.



Ugh! this sand!



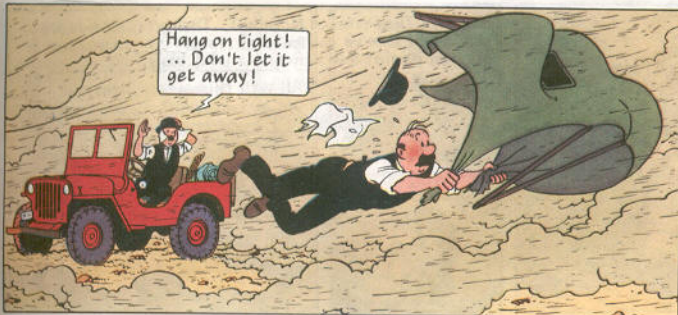
OOEE!



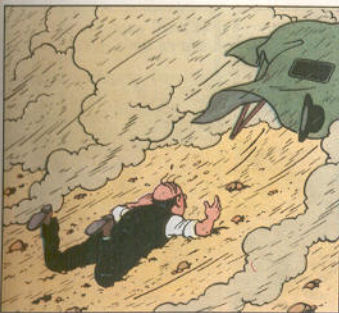
Come on, Snowy!



Hang on tight! ... Don't let it get away!

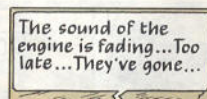
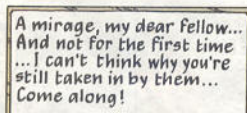
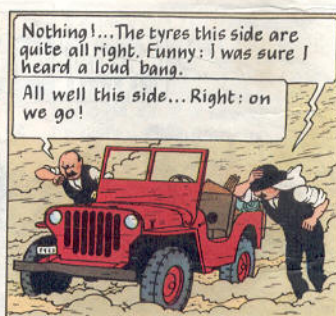
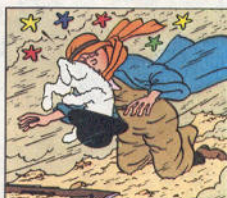
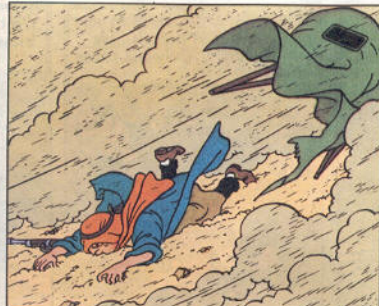


OOEE!

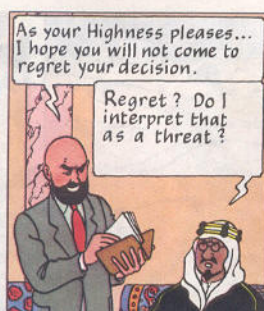
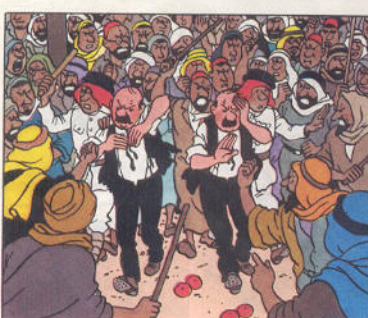
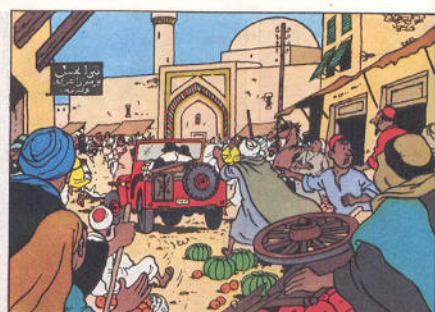


OOEE!











What's that gangster doing here?
... I must keep my eyes open!



Salaam aleikum, most noble emir
Mohammed Ben Kalish Ezab...



It's like this, your Highness.
Yesterday evening I was in a
jeep driven by two of my friends.
They arrived in the city...



Most noble emir, I have come to
beg your mercy. For days and
days these two men were wander-
ing in the desert. They lost their
way and were at the end of their
strength. That is why...



Gladly, your Highness... But it
is a long story and I fear to
impose upon you.



Two hours go by...

At that moment there was a
burst of flame: they had
fired the pipeline.



So it's Bab El Ehr who...

Yes, he's trying to depose me, with
the help of Skoil Petroleum. Should
he come to power he would lease the
oil concessions in Khemedite Arabia
to Skoil, and expel Arabex who
operate with my agreement. That's
why Bab El Ehr and his brigands
attack the Arabex installations...



Now, the present contract I
have with Arabex is soon due to
expire. If I wished I could
then sign a new contract,
but with Skoil. That is the
proposal made to me by
Professor Smith who left
here just as you arrived.



It's very simple: if I sign a contract with Skoil the attacks will cease immediately. So why do I refuse to sign Professor Smith's contract?

Yes, why, I wonder?

It is strange, I do not know why I am telling you all this... You are a stranger... I have no reason, but I trust you. So... Inch Allah!... I refuse to sign the contract because I do not like Professor Smith and I do not like his Skoil Petroleum.

Oh?

But I have interrupted your story... You were telling how the saboteurs had blown up the pipeline.

They came running back and remounted their horses. I remained hidden behind the rocks... Suddenly...

Master!... Master!... Oh! Master!

What is it?... Who dares to disturb us?

Oh, Master! Master!... Your son!...

Well, Ali Ben Mahmud, what new prank is my little lamb playing this time?

Heaven grant that it is indeed a prank! Master, your son has disappeared!

Ha! ha! ha! ha!... Disappeared!... If you knew my son you would laugh as I do. He's the naughtiest young rascal anyone ever saw!... Every day he thinks up some new little wickedness... But come with me, you'll see for yourself...

He was in the garden, Master...

Yes, yes, Ali Ben Mahmud, calm yourself!

There's the little motor car I gave him last week... on his sixth birthday...

Abdullah!... Abdullah!... Where are you, my treasure?

Abdullah!... Come out now, my little sugar plum!

Abdullah, my baby lamb-kin...

Abdullah!... Abdullah! Where are you hiding?

Abdullah, you little rascal, if you don't come at once Papa will be cross!

Excuse me, Highness, but does your son wear a blue robe?

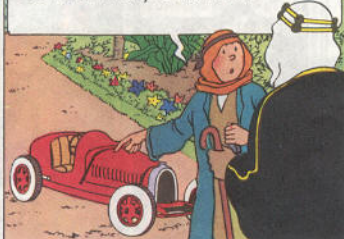
A blue robe?... Abdullah?... No!... Why do you ask?

Here's a piece of blue cloth I just found, caught on a branch ... Under the tree are some very deep footmarks... Obviously someone was hiding in the tree, and then jumped to the ground ...



Perhaps...
Yes... But...

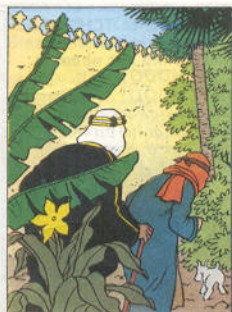
There's your son's motor car... It has been shoved to one side, as you can see from the tyre marks ...



But I don't understand ... What are you trying to say ?



I hardly dare tell you, Highness... I fear the worst... Come with me... There will be other clues ...



There! I knew it! ... More footmarks! ...



And here... and there ... And look! Marks on the wall! This is where they must have climbed over...



They?... Who?



The men who kidnapped your son, Highness!

The men who... You're mad!... My son!... Kidnapped?... Why?... Tell me why anyone should kidnap my son?... You're crazy!... You've made all this up!... You're lying!... Yes, you're lying, like all infidels! ...



Where is Mohammed Ben Kalish Ezab?



Over there, by the wall, with the stranger.

A horseman brought this letter, Master... Then rode away like the wind, out into the desert.



BY ALLAH!



It's unbelievable!... Here, read this letter...



Excuse me, Highness ... it is in Arabic...

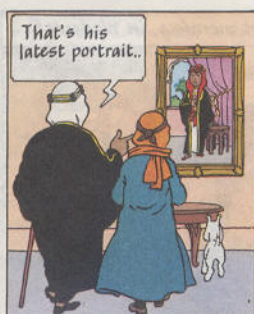
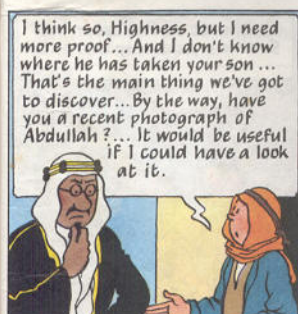
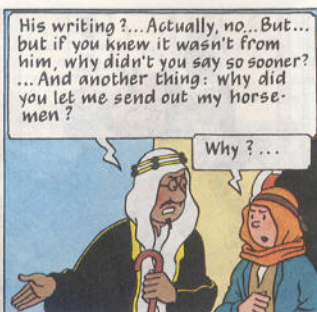
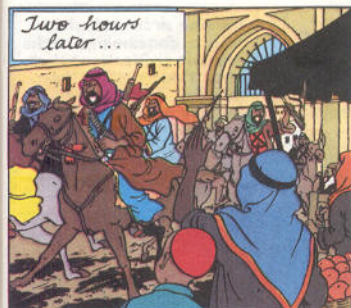
Oh yes, I will translate for you...



"To Mohammed Ben Kalish Ezab... If you want to see your son again, throw Arabex out of Khemed." It's signed: Bab El Ehr.



Yes, it's what I would expect!



Another of his con-
founded tricks! ...
Now where did he
get that?



Well, he's certainly quite un-
mistakable! ... Now I must
start my search, Highness ...
Could you fit me out with
some different clothes? ...
And I'd like some informat-
ion on Doctor Mül... I mean
Professor Smith.



Professor Smith?...
You think he can
help you find my
son?...



He's an archaeologist,
digging for remains of the
ancient civilisations that
once flourished in these
lands... At the same time
he acts as representative
for Skoil Petroleum.



He lives here?

Yes, in Wadesdah, my capital ...
about twenty miles from here,
on the coast. He lives in an enorm-
ous pal- ace, perched like an
eagle's nest on the top of a
cliff.



I see... There's
just one
more thing...



BANG

Take no notice... Just a cap...
Abdullah scattered them every-
where ... They lived things
up in the palace...



Oh?...
I see.

Where was I?... Oh, yes... The two friends
I mentioned... I have a great favour to
ask on their behalf: please treat them
as your honoured guests. Lavish every
comfort upon them; take every pos-
sible care of them... But if you want
me to find your son, for pity's
sake, don't allow them out of
the palace on any pretext
what-soever.



Next morning, in Wadesdah...



That must be Professor
Smith's palace, up there ...



ATCHOO!



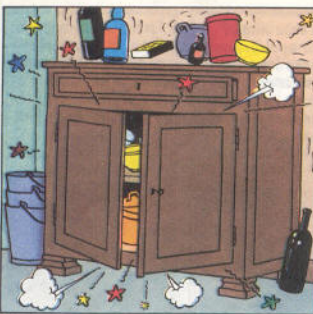
A cold?... Or sneezing powder?
I'd better follow.

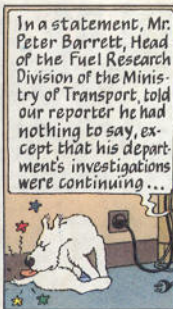
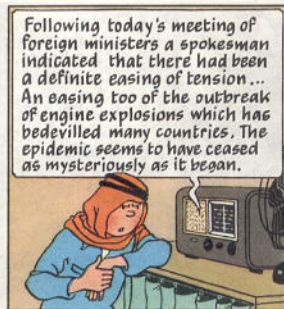
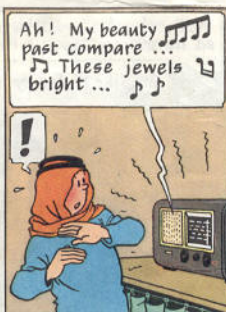
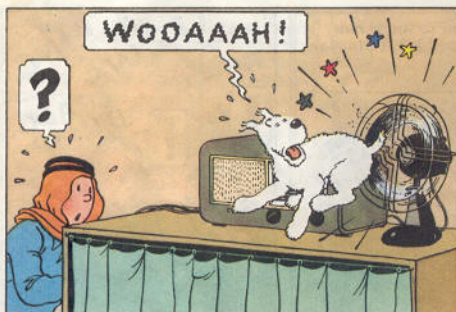


ATCHOO!

صباح
الخير
تفضل



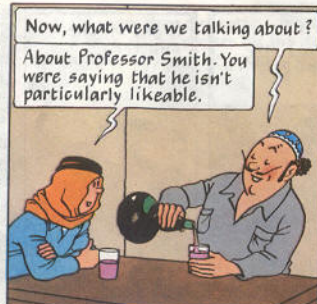






Here we are... Ah, you're listening to the news...

Yes, The threat of war seems to be lessening, thank heavens!



Now, what were we talking about?

About Professor Smith. You were saying that he isn't particularly likeable.



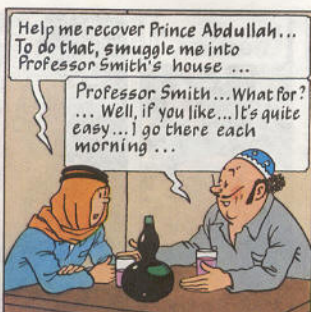
That's true... But he's extremely rich, and I'm his main supplier... So you see... My customers include all the top people in the area... At least, not quite all... Not the emir, alas!... What a man!... One of the best!... Which is more than can be said for his nasty little son... A real pest, young Prince Abdullah!... But you won't have heard: he's just been kidnapped!

I did hear of it!



Look here, Senhor Oliveira, would you like to be appointed official supplier to the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab?

Would I like it?... Of course!... It would be the crowning glory of my career... But... what would I have to do?



Help me recover Prince Abdullah... To do that, smuggle me into Professor Smith's house...

Professor Smith... What for?... Well, if you like... It's quite easy... I go there each morning...



The next morning...

Salaam aleikum, Murad!

Aleikum sala... Tchoo!!



Who is the young stranger?

My nephew Alvaro... I want him to meet the palace servants.



My friends, let me introduce my nephew Alvaro, just arrived from Portugal... He's an orphan, poor lad... I've taken him into my family...

ATCHOO!

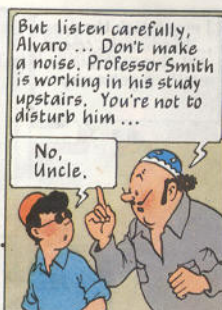


Just between ourselves he's a little... well... a bit simple... Not surprising after what's happened to him... A dreadful story... Just imagine, his father, who was a well-known snail-farmer... Excuse me, just a minute...



Be a good boy, Alvaro... While I'm busy with the gentlemen, you run and play in the garden... I'll call you...

Yes, Uncle.

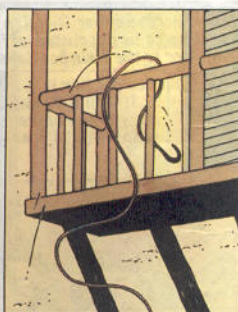
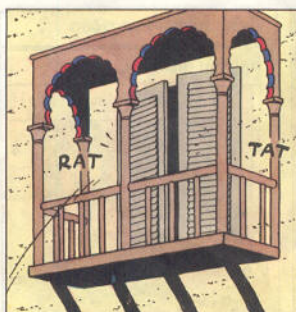


But listen carefully, Alvaro... Don't make a noise. Professor Smith is working in his study upstairs. You're not to disturb him...

No, Uncle.



That's fine... He'll keep them safely occupied with one of his endless stories... but I mustn't waste time...



The key's in the door... And the door's locked from the inside!... But there's no-one here... It doesn't make sense...



I'll work that out later... First, let's have a look at the papers on his desk...



What's in this folder?



Hello... A file of newspaper cuttings...



SCIENTI
BAFFLE

MORE
PETROL BLASTS

by our Motoring Correspondent

WORLD'S AIRCRAFT
GROUNDED

LONDON, Monday

FUEL MYSTERY

What's gone wrong with our petrol?
An outbreak of mysterious auto-mobile explosions is terrorising the world's capitals. Car engines are warning.

Now why should Dr. Müller be interested in that petrol mystery? ... I wonder if ...



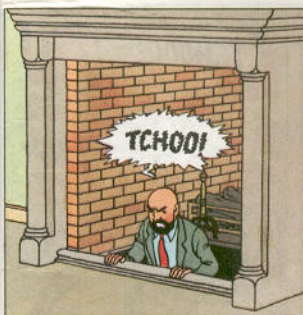
ATCHOO!



Great snakes! The hearth is opening! ... I must hide!



TCHOO!



What's he doing in that corner?... Ah, I see... That's where a secret button for the trapdoor must be hidden.



Aaah... Aaah... TCHOO! ... Aaah... TCHOO! ... Ach, that little pest! ...



Lucky I persuaded him to swap his confounded box of sneezing powder for a pair of roller-skates...



There... I'll burn it in a minute...

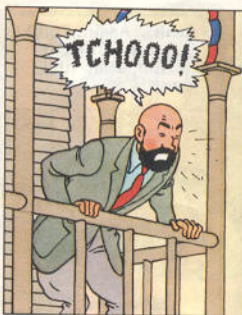
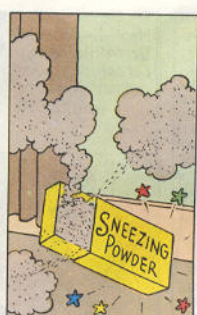


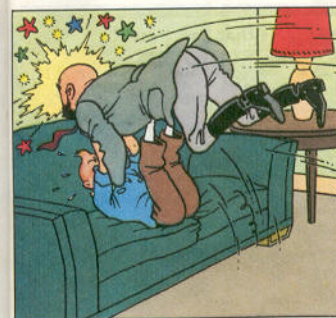
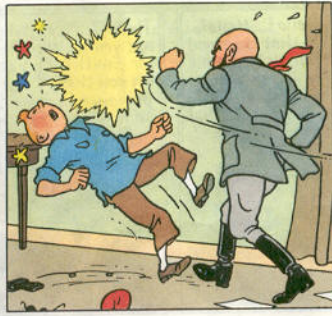
Drat! He's starting to write!



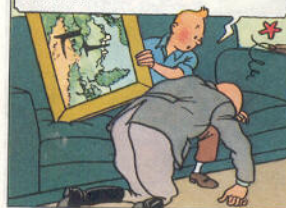
Let's hope he won't be long... I'm beginning to get pins and needles...







Whew! Saved again! He's still out cold... Quick, I must tie him up, gag him, hide him somewhere... and telephone to the emir...



Meanwhile, in the kitchen...

...Alas! The poor woman never got over it. She died of grief and shame, at the age of ninety-seven. Her husband, broken-hearted, soon followed her to the grave. But that wasn't the end of the terrible tragedies this unhappy family had to suffer... One day, their son...



There, Doctor Müller... That's taken care of you!



Hello?... Hello?... Is that the royal palace?... I want to speak to His Highness... Tintin... Hello? Is that you, Highness?



Tintin?... Yes... Where are you?... With Professor Smith?... What?... My son there?... A prisoner?... What's that you say?... What?... Oh! You sneezed! Bless you!



You must send men to Wadesdah... Have the palace surrounded... Meanwhile, I'll try to rescue the prince...



I can't say I like these toys, but this time I'd better be armed.



Now let's have a closer look at this...



Concrete tunnels! An underground fortress...



What's this?



A bunker...



...with gun ports commanding the town and the harbour...

Crumbs! What a place!... A real Maginot Line!



AAAAH...



TCHOO!



Is that you, boss?

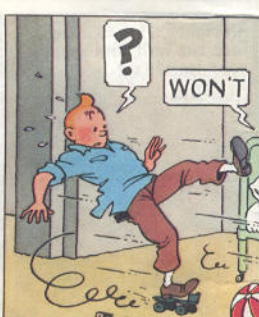
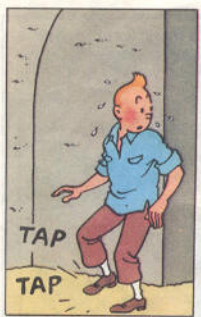
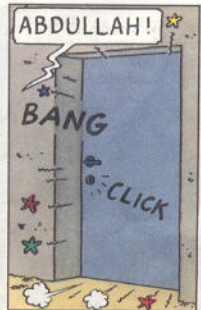


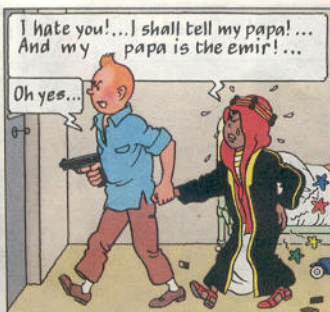
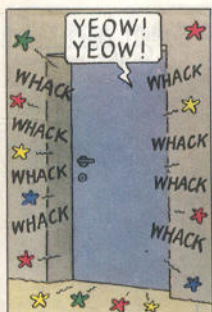
Boss?... Is that you, boss?

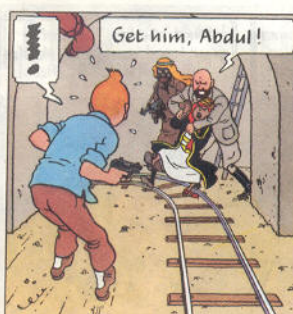
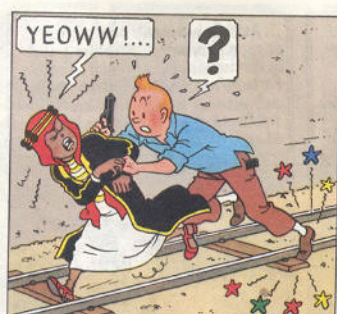
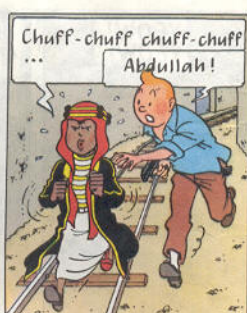


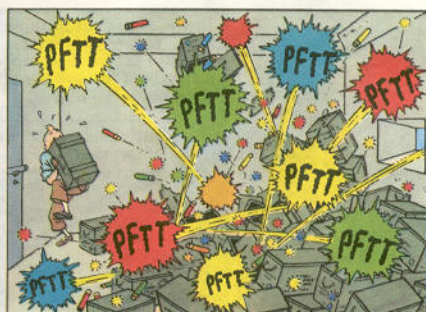
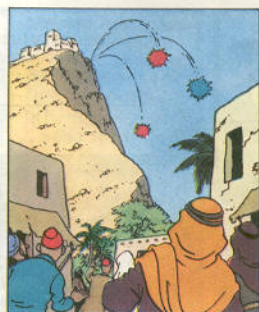
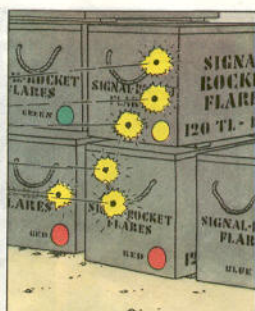
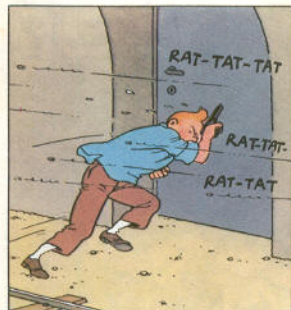
AAAAAH...

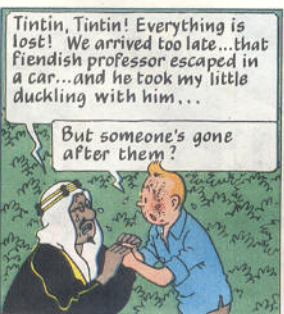
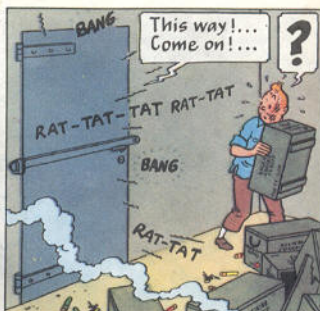








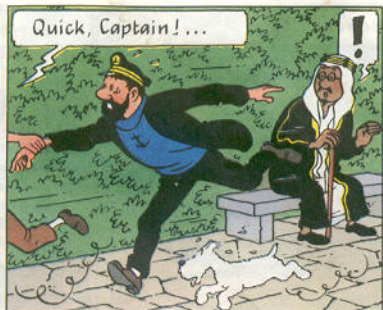






Who does that car belong to?

It's mine... Why?...



Quick, Captain! ...



Stop! That's my car!... You can't have it!... It's mine!



Stop them! Stop them! They'll damage my car!



You're sure this is the way?

Yes, it's the only possible road... But tell me, Captain... You still haven't explained how you come to be here...



It's quite simple really... but also rather complicated... First, I must tell you...

Ah! Look! The emir's horsemen... That proves it! We're certainly on the right track...



Forgive me, Captain... I'm sorry, I interrupted... You were saying...

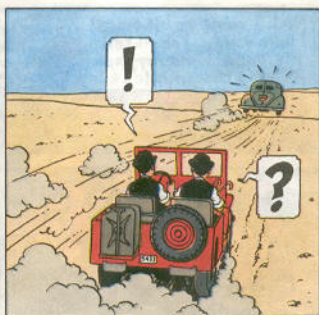


Well, as I said, it was quite simple and at the same time rather complicated... You remember...

Look ahead! A cloud of dust!... D'you think it's Smith?...



No, it's the Thompsons' jeep... We shall overtake them...

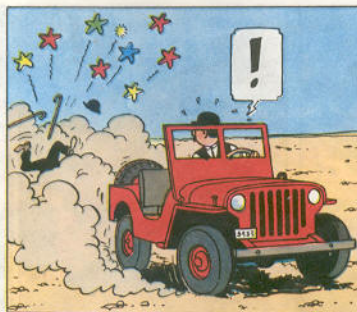


!

?



Hello, that's odd... I wonder why we ... What are you...



!



What on earth were you doing... getting out while we were moving?

Moving?... Were we moving?... Oh, now I see... It must have been that other car... It passed us so fast I thought we were standing still...



Meanwhile...



I'm thirsty!

So am I...



I want an ice-cream!

Later, later...



No! I want one now! I want an icecream! I want an icecream!... Then I want to go home!...



Shut up! There's your icecream!



Waaah!... Waaah!... Waaah!...

And cut out that racket or I'll... Sit down Abdullah!... Abdullah! Sit down here!



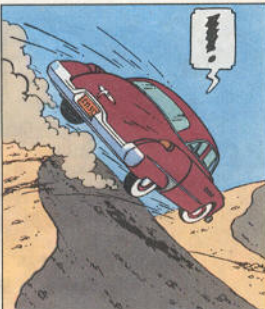
No! I want to sit here!... I hate you!... I shall tell my papa!... And my papa is the emir!...



I know... I know...

Yes, you're right... I was just going to tell you... As I said, it was really quite simple...but at the same time rather complicated...

There they are! Another dust-cloud!... This time it's certainly Müller!



Great snakes!... Smoke!... What's happened to them?





Look at their tracks!
... Müller must have
lost control of the car...
it went over, and
caught fire... Let's hope
nothing's happened
to the prince ...



Ooh! What a lovely
accident!



Can we have
another one ?

Ssh!... A car's
stopping...
Doors banging
... Wait! ...



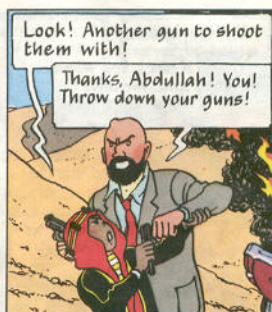
All right, Müller... We've got you!

Aha! I've got a score
to settle with him!



Got me? ... Not yet!...
Take one more step
and I'll shoot the boy!

Whoopie! Just
like a real gang-
ster film!



Look! Another gun to shoot
them with!

Thanks, Abdullah! You!
Throw down your guns!



So you can shoot us down like
rabbits?... No! We're keep-
ing them!



Just as you like! ...
But watch it!... One
false move and the
child's had it!...
Now, move away!...
Go on, move back-
wards...



Aha! ... Excellent! ... Another car ready
and waiting!... Go on! Keep moving back!

Ooh! Papa's car! That's Papa's car!
Are we going to play another accident?



Get inside, you!
And keep your
mouth shut!



Waaah!...
Waaah!



All right... One bullet at
the car when I go and
I'll wring this repulsive
little monkey's neck!...
Understand?... So, auf
wiederssehen!

Waaah!
Waaah!



Beast!... Baby-snatcher!...
Brigand!... Baboon!...
Belemnite!... Bully!...
Bougainvillea!... Bashi-bazouk!

Waaah!





Billions of blistering barnacles!... You Arabian Nightmare!... I'll...



Müller!... Over there!... Cunning swine! He was sneaking round behind... Lucky for us Tintin intercepted him...



Bang, Blistering-Barnacles! Bang!

Ach! Teufel! My gun's empty... Lucky I've got Abdullah's...



Müller!... Müller!... Look behind you... That jeep's full of police... And that other cloud of dust is a troop of the emir's horse... You're trapped, Müller!



The emir's horsemen!... He's right!... I'll be captured... and handed over to that merciless fiend!... He'll torture me... put me on the rack!... I'll be impaled... roasted on a slow fire... No! Never!



But first Formula Fourteen... I must destroy them... Where...?!... I must have lost them!...



Still, they don't matter now...



I told you I'd never be taken alive!... Now I keep my word!



Don't do it!... In heaven's name...



?



It was my ink pistol! I gave it to him, Blistering-Barnacles!



Driving in the sun has given me a splitting headache!

To be precise: I'm a headache too!



Hello! What's that there on the ground?



Aspirin!... What a stroke of luck!... One each, and our heads will vanish!



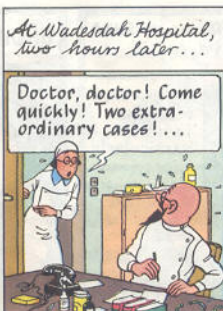
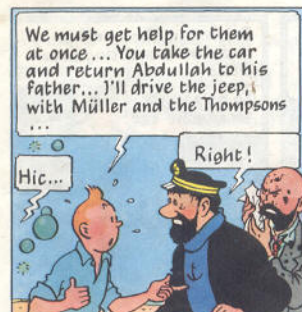
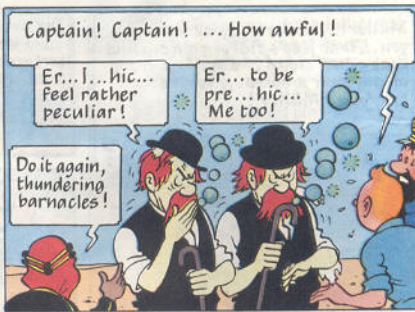
Tastes a bit odd, I'd say...

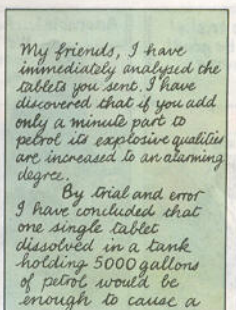
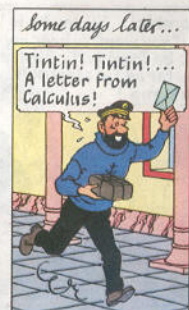
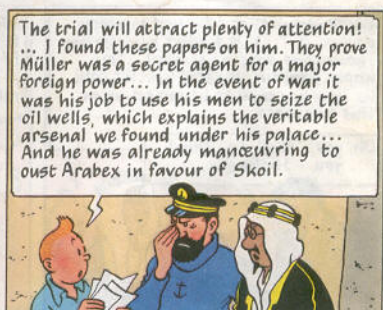
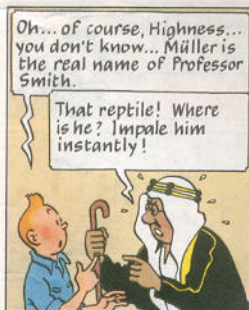
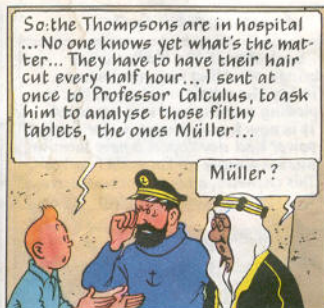
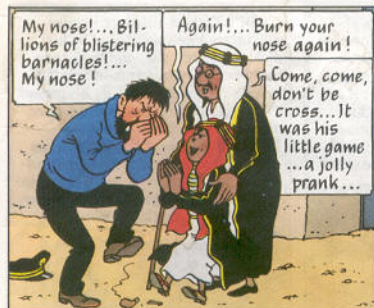
Oh, you know, medicine is never particularly nice...



BHOOP... PHOOP...









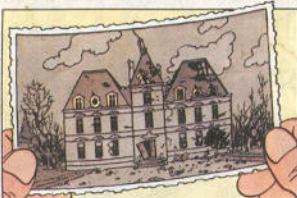
My house, by thunder! What's that nitwitted ninepin done to my beautiful house?!

Let's read on: he's sure to explain ...

... The research was exceedingly difficult. I enclose a photograph of Marlinspike after my first experiments ...

His first?... Did he do some more?!!

... Anyway, they were successful: that's all that matters. As for the phenomena in the capillary systems of the Thompsons, these will soon cease with the aid of the powders I have prepared and sent to you separately. The other substance I have sent is for use with petrol, and will entirely neutralize the effects of the compound Formula fourteen...



Some weeks later...

"Each day of the Müller trial brings startling new disclosures. Today the whole mystery of the exploding car engines was revealed. It is now known that a major foreign power had developed a new chemical, known simply as Formula fourteen. This chemical, added to petrol, increased its explosive qualities tenfold."



"In the event of war, the agents of this foreign power could easily contaminate the oil reserves of the other side. The recent outbreak of car explosions was by way of a trial, on a reduced scale, of this new tactic. Thanks to the work of the famous boy reporter, Tintin, the secret of Formula fourteen has been discovered..."



"...An effective antidote has immediately been developed by his distinguished colleague, Professor Cuthbert Calculus, to neutralize the effects of the chemical. By his prompt action, Tintin has undoubtedly prevented the outbreak of war. Better news too of the detectives Thomson and Thompson who inadvertently swallowed some Formula fourteen. They are now out of danger, and well on the way to recovery."



What about that? We had a narrow escape, eh?... If it hadn't been for the Thompsons, we'd be at war!... You know, Captain, you still haven't told us how you came to be mixed up in this business...

Oh, yes... Well, I... thank you, Highness...



Well... Pff... It's like this... Pff... I think I told you... Pff... it's quite simple really... Pff... and at the same time rather complicated...



Another of Abdullah's little tricks! ... And he promised me he'd be good! ... Ah, what adorable little ways he has!



Adorable!... Adorable!... I'll say he is!! ...

Well, if you want to hear my story, it won't be from me!... Blistering barnacles, as far as I'm concerned, this is the end!



END

